

Disney

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Disney's Beauty and the Beast



Novel  Junior Graphic Novel  junior

Adapted from
Walt Disney Pictures'
Beauty and the Beast

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Disney's
Junior Graphic Novel

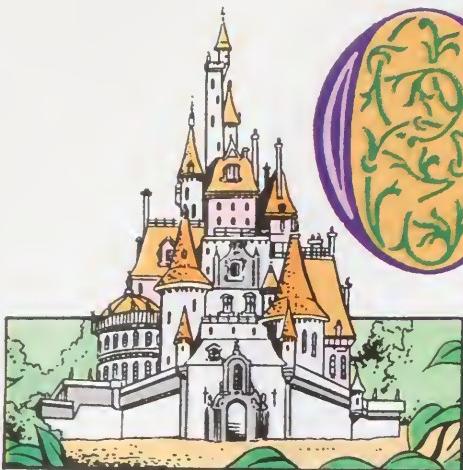
Beauty and the BEAST



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nce upon a time, there lived a Prince. He had everything a prince could desire, but he was spoiled, selfish, and unkind.

One winter night, an old beggar woman came to the castle. She offered him a perfect red rose in return for shelter for the night.

But the prince thought she was too ugly to stay in his castle, and he told her to go away.

She warned him to remember that true beauty is spiritual, not physical , but the prince wouldn't listen. When he still refused her shelter, she turned into a beautiful enchantress!



The prince, realizing his mistake, tried to apologize, but it was too late. He had already proved that there was no love in his heart.



The enchantress turned him into an ugly beast, and put the castle and all his servants under a spell. She gave him the rose, which would stay fresh until his twenty-first birthday, when it would wither and die.

Then she gave him a warning:



If he did not learn to love and earn love in return before the rose died, he would remain a beast forever.

And now, 10 years later...

ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL
DAY!

ANOTHER
TRIP INTO
TOWN!

Far away from the Beast's castle lived a lovely young woman. More than anything, she loved to read.

When she went to town, the first place she visited was the bookshop.

I'VE COME TO RETURN THE BOOK I BORROWED!

FINISHED ALREADY, BELLE?

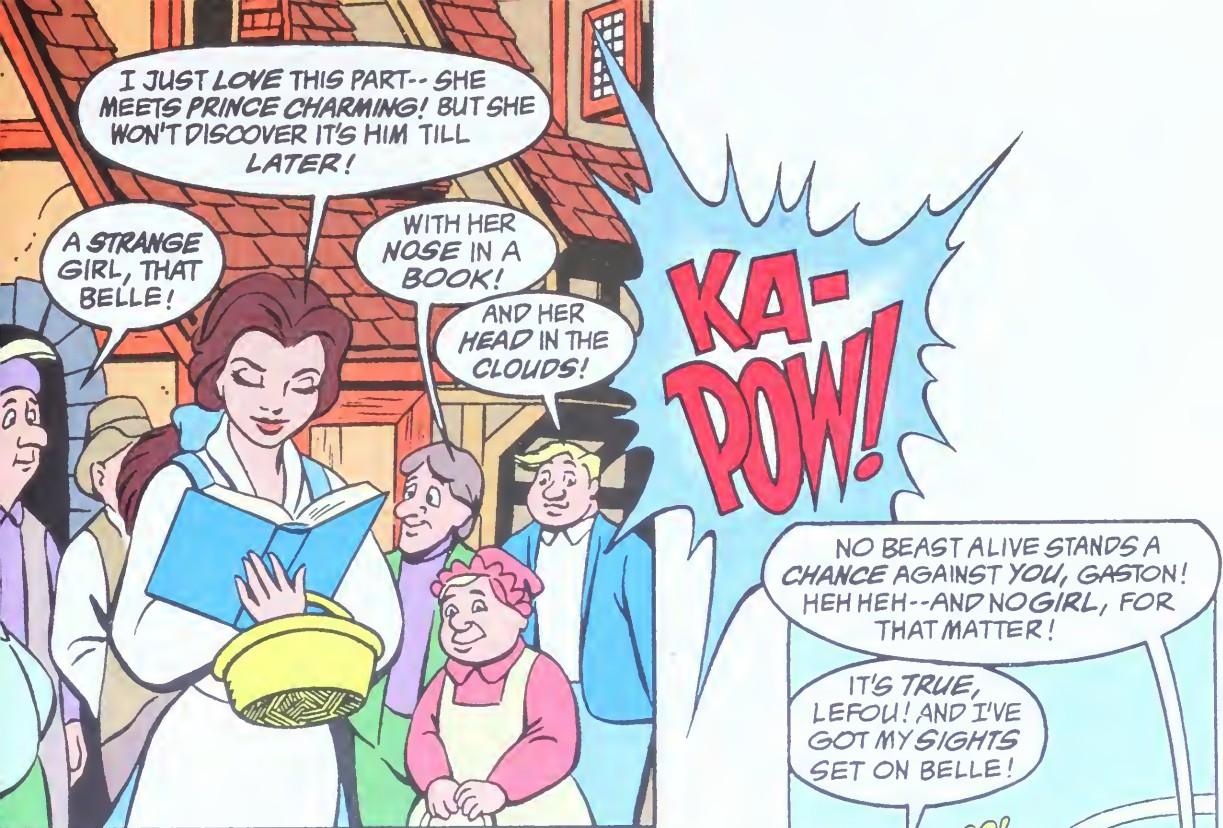
I'LL BORROW THIS ONE TODAY!

BUT IT'S MY FAVORITE! FAR-OFF PLACES, DARING SWORD FIGHTS, MAGIC SPELLS, A PRINCE IN DISGUISE--



OH--
OH, THANK
YOU!





As Belle left the shop, she had her nose deep in the book. She was already fascinated by a story about a young girl's dream come true, and she didn't hear what the townspeople were saying about her. They thought that a young woman as lovely as Belle should be interested in the important things in life, like finding a husband, rather than reading books!

The most handsome man in town was a hunter named Gaston. Since Belle was the most beautiful young woman in town, he figured that she would make him a perfect wife. He could never understand why Belle would pay so much attention to something as useless as books when she could be flirting with the most handsome man in town—him!



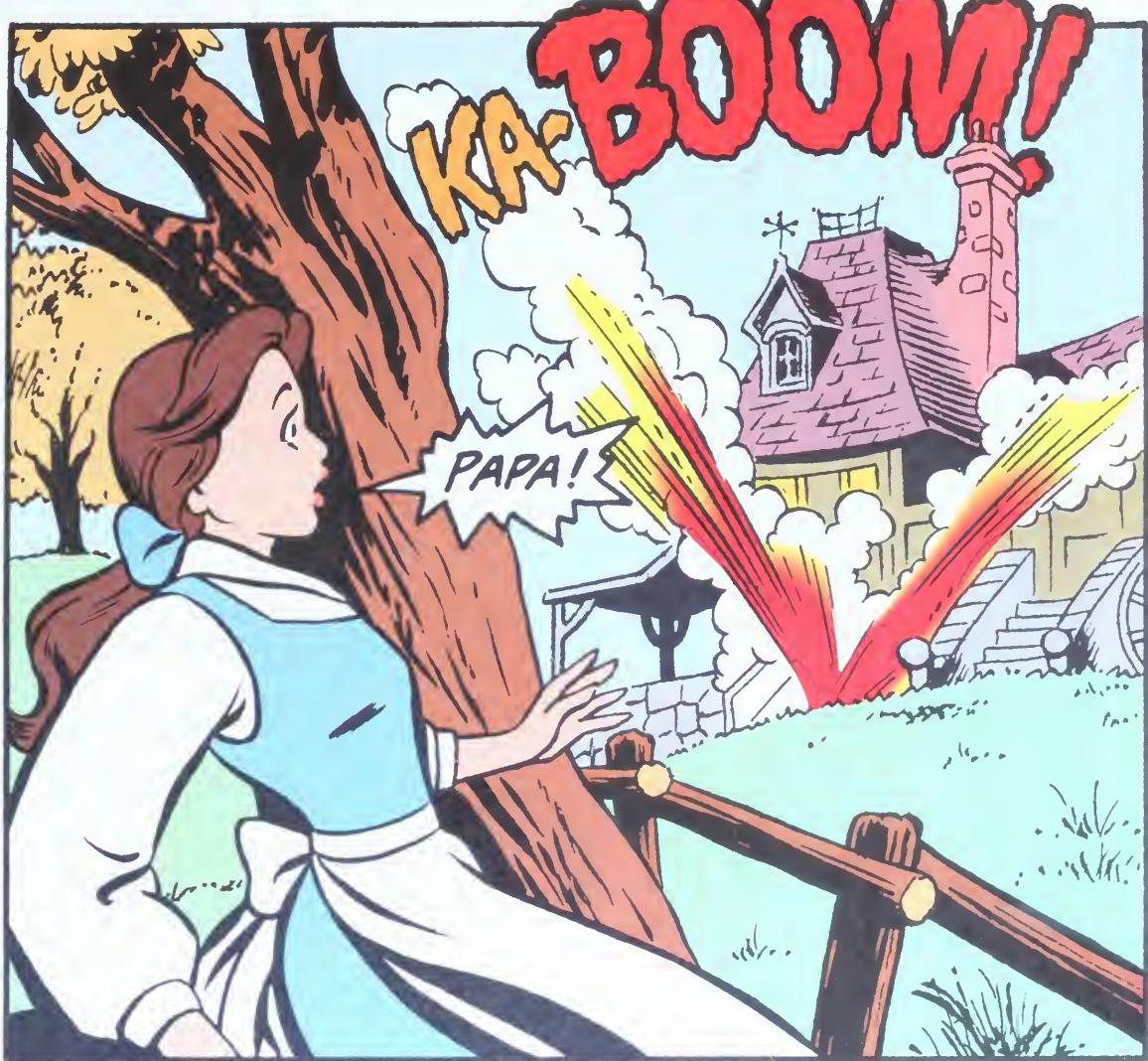
Once he got Belle's attention by firing his musket, Gaston sashayed up to her. He expected her to be impressed, like all the other young women in town.



"That crazy old loon needs all the help he can get," sneered Gaston's sidekick LeFou.

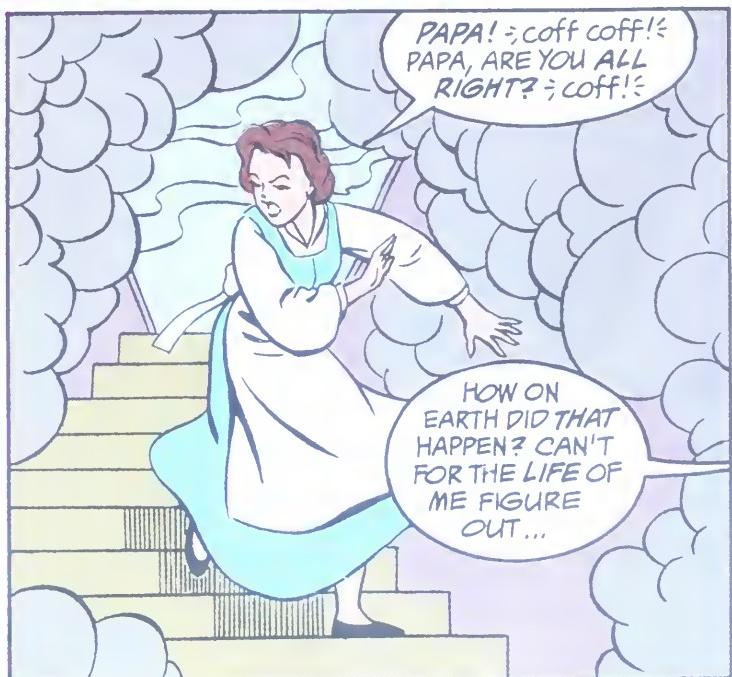
Belle's father Maurice was an inventor. He had yet to invent something that would work, but Belle had faith in him.

"Don't talk that way about my father," said Belle. "He's not crazy. He's a genius!" She spun away and headed for home.



The sound of a loud explosion sent Belle rushing into the house. Smoke and fumes poured out when she pulled open the door to her father's workshop.

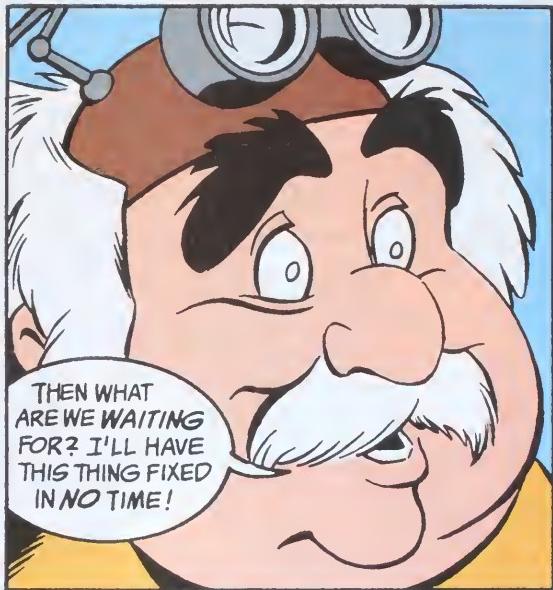
Terrified that Maurice had been hurt, Belle stumbled down the stairs, calling loudly to her father.





Maurice wasn't hurt, but he was ready to give up.

"Now, Papa," Belle said. "You can fix it, and it'll win first prize at the fair tomorrow."



As Maurice went back to work on his wood chopper, Belle asked him a question. "Do you think I'm odd, Papa? I keep hoping for some adventure . . . some excitement."

"Don't you worry," said Maurice. "This invention is going to be the start of a whole new life for us."



HOURS LATER...

WE SHOULD BE
THERE BY NOW! MAYBE
WE MISSED THE
TURN...



Terrified, the horse Phillipre reared and unseated Belle's father. Unable to grab the horse's reins, Maurice watched him gallop away toward home.

Alone in the spooky woods, Maurice could hear the wolves' howling come closer and closer. He started to run, although he had no idea where to go.

Suddenly Maurice found himself at the gate to a huge, dismal fortress. It was overgrown with vines and brambles, and horrible stone gargoyles stared down from every parapet.

Maurice yanked on the gate. Its rusted lock gave and he rushed in, shutting the snarling wolves outside.





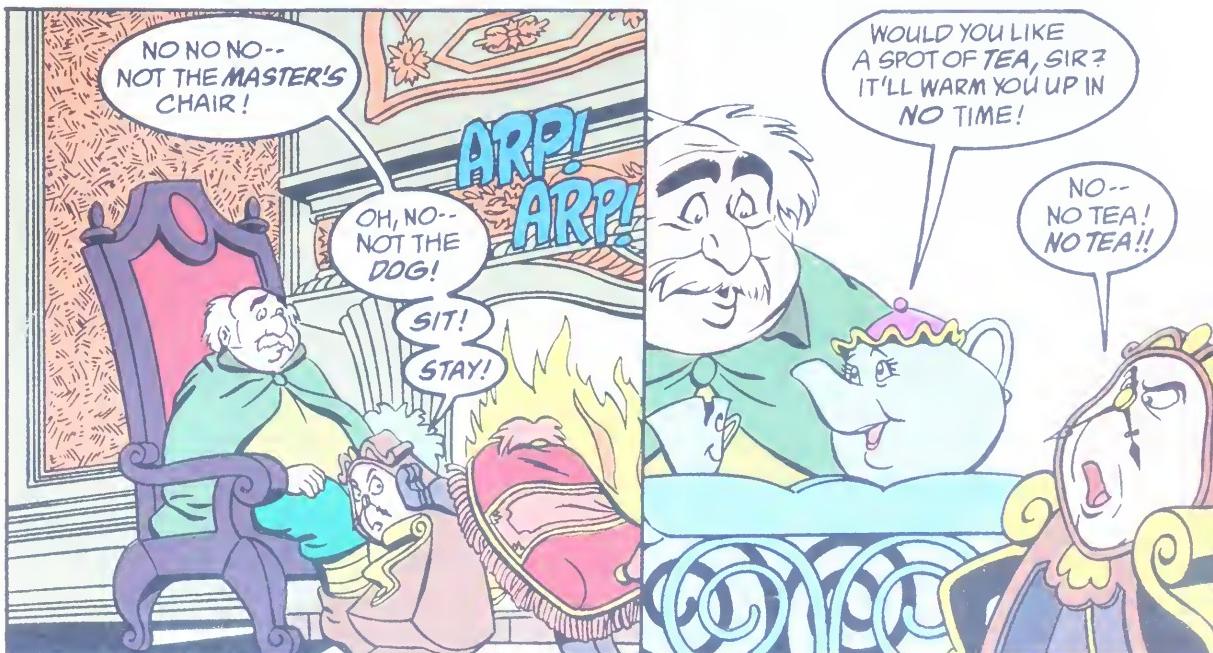
With great reluctance, Belle's father approached the gloomy castle.



But Maurice had heard the voices. At first he was sure that the castle was inhabited by ghosts, but the enchanted objects took pity on him and revealed themselves.



Then the candelabra, whose name was Lumiere, realized that Maurice was cold and tired. "Come, Cogsworth," he said to the mantleclock, "we must make him comfortable." He turned to Maurice. "Come warm yourself by the fire."



"Where's your sense of hospitality?" scolded the teapot, Mrs. Potts. "The poor man must be hungry. Aren't you, sir?"

Before Maurice could answer, a door crashed open.



"M-Master!" said Lumiere, scurrying forward. "He was lost in the woods, and—"

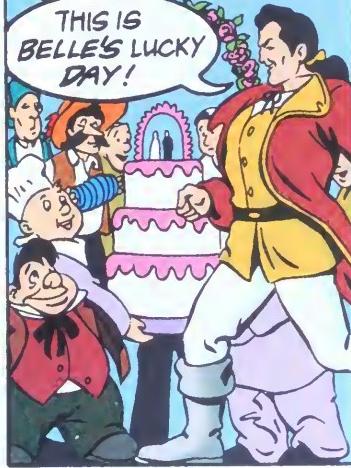
"And he's not welcome!" the Beast roared.

Maurice explained that he needed shelter, but the Beast wouldn't listen. He dragged Maurice off to the tower.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE
BELLE'S COTTAGE...

I'D LIKE TO
THANK YOU ALL
FOR COMING TO
MY WEDDING!

THIS IS
BELLE'S LUCKY
DAY!



As vain as he was, it was impossible for Gaston to believe that any woman could refuse *him*. So he told LeFou to arrange an elaborate wedding feast. The guests had been invited, the meal had been prepared, and Gaston was ready in his finest clothes.

He knocked on Belle's door.



Belle was surprised, all right, but not as pleased as Gaston expected.

"I can't marry you!" she said. Then she gave Gaston a push and slammed the door. He fell in a puddle.



As Gaston and his fans trailed back to the village, Phillippe came galloping up to Belle's cottage.

When she saw that Phillippe had returned without her father, Belle was frantic. But, because he was only a horse, Phillippe couldn't tell her what had happened.



AND SOON, DEEP WITHIN THE FOREST...



Grabbing a warm cloak, Belle mounted the faithful steed, and turned him back down the road Maurice had taken to the fair. They entered the dark forest. Phillippe's pace slowed, and they soon found themselves in front of a dark, foreboding castle.



Gathering up her courage, Belle walked up to the castle door. When there was no answer at her knock, she pushed gently and found the door unlocked.

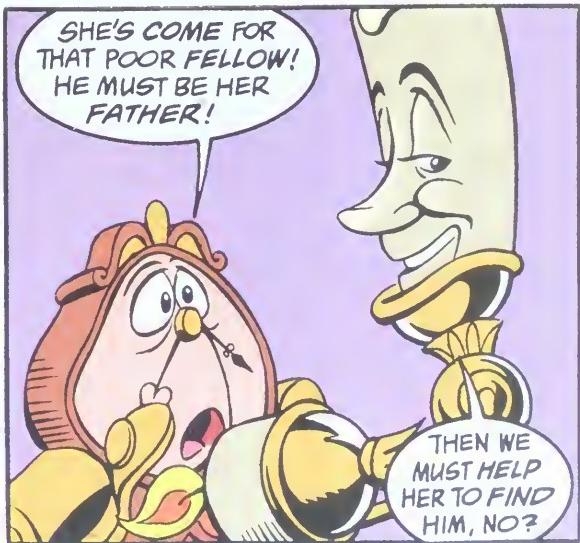
"Hello!" she called. "Is anyone there?"

The objects fell silent.

Belle ventured farther.
"Papa! Are you here?"

"Mama! There's a girl in the castle," the little teacup Chip said to Mrs. Potts.

Hoping Belle was the one who could break the spell that the enchantress had cast, the objects revealed themselves and led Belle to the cell where her father was imprisoned.



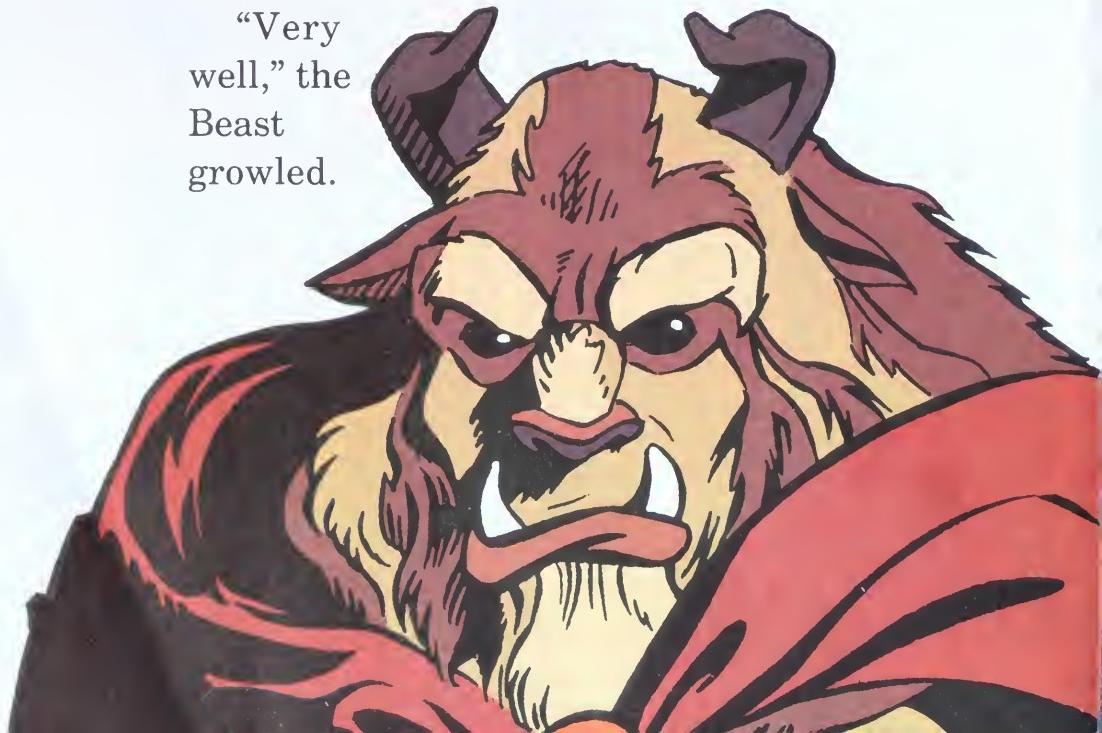


"My father is ill! You must let him go!" cried Belle.

"He shouldn't have trespassed!"

"Let him go!" she pleaded. "I'll stay here in his place."

"Very well," the Beast growled.





Lumiere appeared at the top of the stairs. "Uh, Master," he began, "since she's going to be here for a while, why don't you put her in a more comfortable room than that cell?"

The Beast continued up the stairs and confronted Belle. "I'll show you to your room," he informed her. "Unless you want to stay in that cell . . . "

"But . . . you didn't even let me say goodbye," complained Belle.



"What's in the West Wing?" asked Belle.

"Nothing!" growled the Beast. "Just stay away from it. It is forbidden!"

The objects were discouraged. This wasn't going at all the way they'd hoped. Instead of winning her favor, the Beast was making her hate and fear him.

The Beast showed Belle to her room. "If you need anything, my servants will get it for you," he said.

"Pssst! Master!" hissed Lumiere. "Invite her to dinner."



PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER! YOU'RE THE
HERO OF THE TOWN!

YOU'RE THE
ULTIMATE MANLY
MAN, GASTON! A SYMBOL
OF STRENGTH! A PINNACLE
OF PROWESS! A
BULWARK OF BRAWN!

But Gaston was still depressed.
The woman he had chosen for
his wife had turned him down!
The most beautiful girl in town—
even if she did do strange things
like read books. She was still the
most beautiful—the only one
worthy of the most handsome
man in town—Gaston!

LeFou tried again to cheer
him up.

YOU LOOK THE BEST, EH?
YOU HUNT THE BEST, EH?
AND YOU SPIT THE BEST!
HA HA!

WHY-- YOU'RE
RIGHT, LEFOU! IT'S
AS PLAIN AS THE GIRLS
AT MY FEET!

LET'S ALL
HEAR IT FOR
ME!

HIP HIP-HOORAY!
HIP HIP-HOORAY!
HIP HIP-HOORAY!



Suddenly Maurice burst in the door of the tavern.

"Maurice! What's wrong?" someone asked.

"Please! I need your help! He's got her locked in a dungeon!" cried Maurice.

"Slow down, old man," said Gaston.

"Who's locked in a dungeon?"

"Belle!" gasped Maurice.

"Belle?" said LeFou. "Who has her locked up?"

"A beast! A horrible, monstrous beast!"

"A beast, you say?" said Gaston. "You're crazier than I thought."

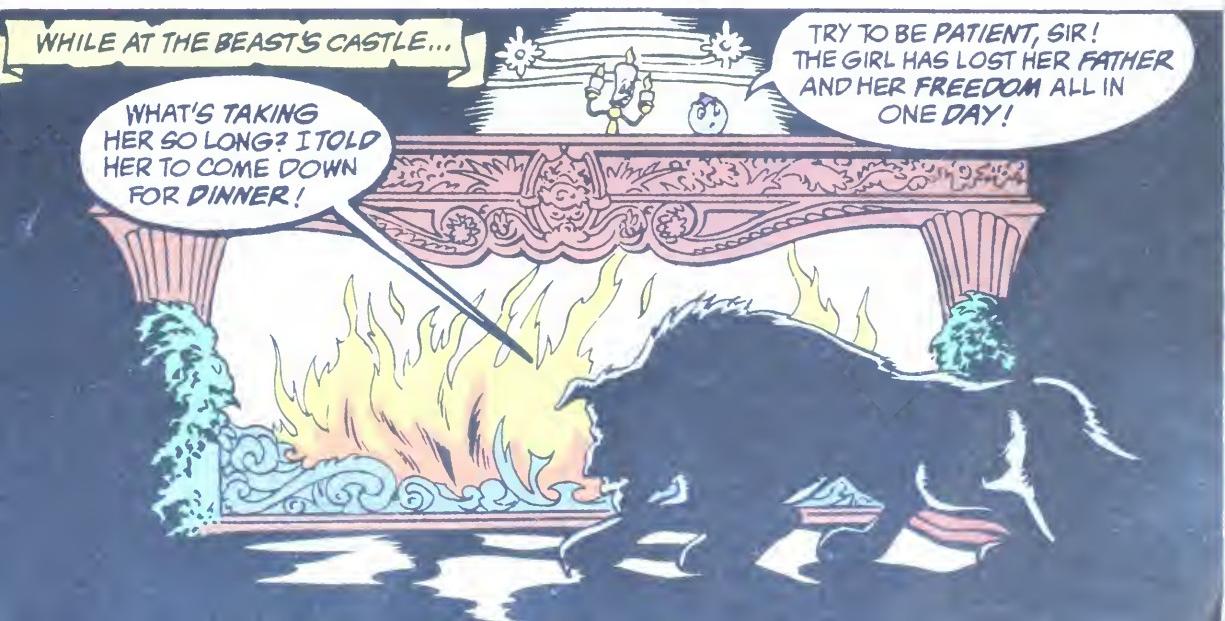
The people in the tavern began to laugh.





Gaston began to think. The old man *was* acting crazy. How could that be turned to his—Gaston's—advantage?"

Maybe if he could convince Belle that her father was mad, she would have to turn to him for support. Sure! That would work! And he'd play it cool, make her beg him to marry her. It would serve her right for turning down his magnificent self!





"It's no use," said the Beast.
"She's so beautiful, and I'm . . .
well, look at me!"

"But, Master, you must try,"
Lumiere pointed out. "We don't
have much time. The rose is
already beginning to wilt!"

Mrs. Potts spoke
up. "You must help her see past
what you look like."

"I don't know how!" roared
the Beast.



IMPRESS HER WITH YOUR RAPIER WIT!

BUT BE GENTLE!

SHOWER HER WITH COMPLIMENTS!

BUT BE SINCERE!

AND ABOVE ALL--



Suddenly they heard a door open.
"Uh . . . she's not coming," said Cogsworth from the doorway.

With a savage growl, the Beast rushed up to Belle's room. "I thought I told you to come down to dinner!" he shouted.

"Gently, sir," advised Mrs. Potts.

"Oh, all right," muttered the Beast.



"You can't stay in there forever," the Beast told her.

"Yes, I can!" she replied.

"Fine!" he growled. "Go ahead and starve!"

The Beast stomped away to his lair. He slumped down in a chair and picked up his magic mirror. As he watched Belle in it, he could see that she was still upset.



LATER...



Belle didn't want to starve, after all. When she thought that everyone in the castle was asleep, she opened the door.

Lumiere, who had been keeping watch, hurried away toward the kitchen. When Belle arrived, the kitchen servants were delighted to see her. First Cogsworth introduced himself. Then . . .



"How can we help you, Miss?" asked Cogsworth.

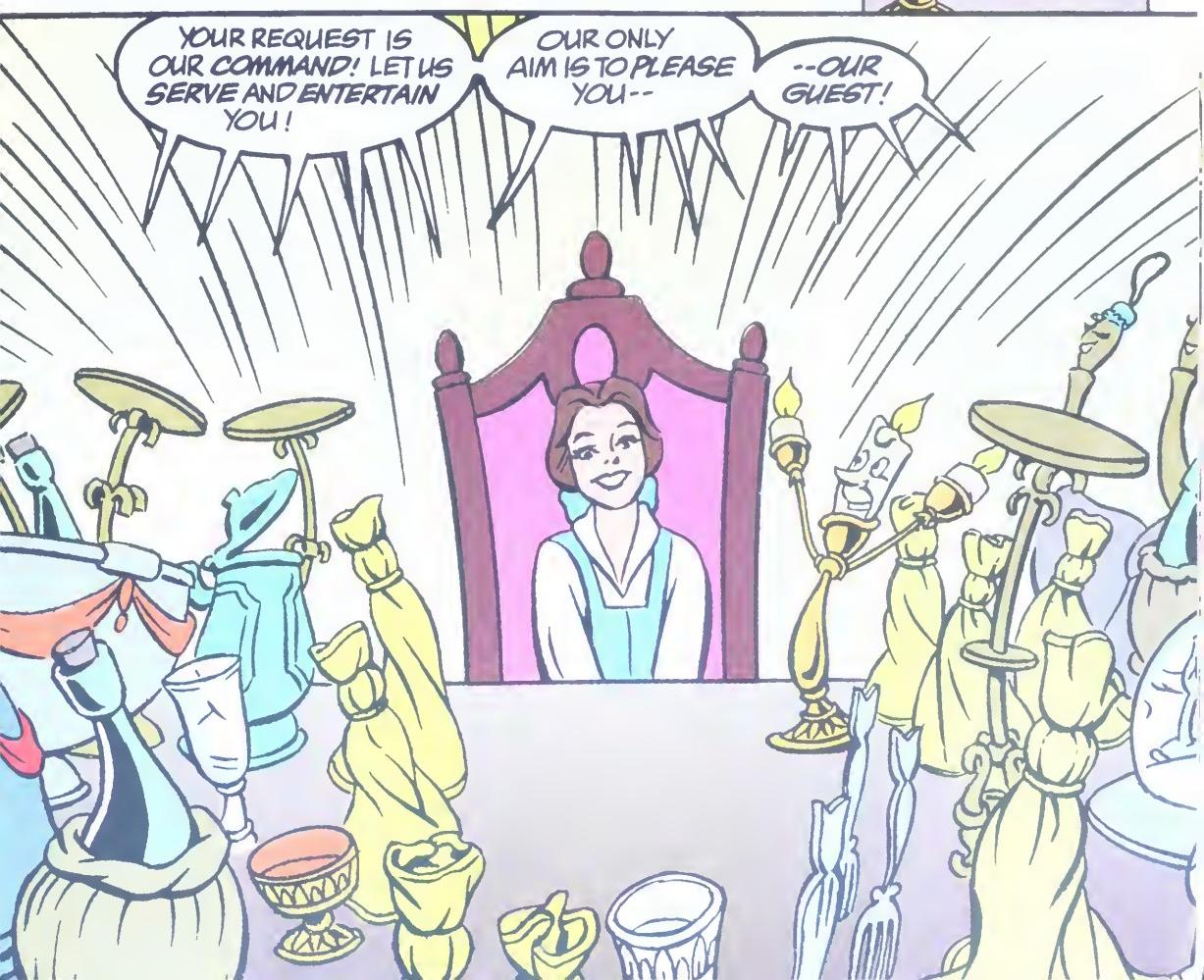
"Well, I am a little hungry," Belle replied.

"Hear that?" said Mrs. Potts.
"She's hungry. Stoke the fire!
Wake up the china!"



The thought that this lovely young woman just might be the one to break the spell that had kept them enchanted all these years made all the household objects spring into action. Pots and pans began cooking on all burners. Platters covered themselves with fresh fruit, bowls filled themselves with delicacies, the roasting pan shut itself in the oven to roast, and a cold, fizzy drink poured itself into a tall, chilled glass. Out in the dining room, napkins whirled and silverware danced.

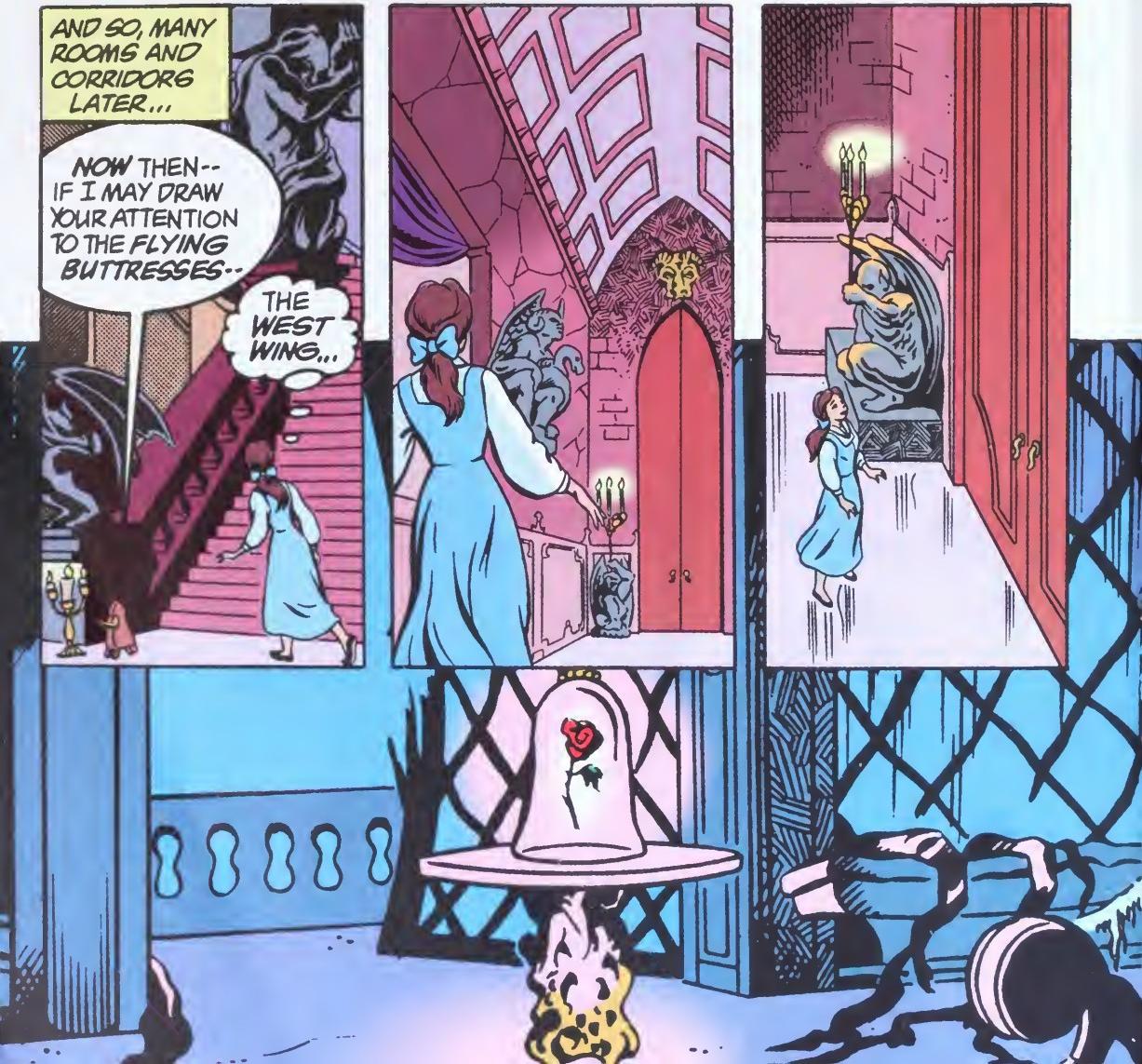
Finally, all was ready. Lumiere seated Belle and offered her a fabulous feast.



Belle enjoyed a sumptuous meal while the enchanted objects entertained her. When at last she had finished, she asked Cogsworth if she could have a tour of the castle.



Belle was delighted. She had always dreamed of adventure, and what could be more adventurous than this mysterious castle? Eagerly she got up from the table to follow her guide.





Belle found out why the Beast had forbidden her to enter the West Wing. It was his lair, a place of decaying draperies and broken furniture: a place where only a beast would live.

GET OUT!!



The Beast's horrible roar was enough to send Belle rushing out of the room and down the gloomy staircase. Terrified, she fled from the castle. Belle was brave, but she couldn't bear to think of spending the rest of her life with a raging beast!



Catching up Phillippe, she leaped onto his back and galloped out of the courtyard. But the road home led through dark woods, and before long, Belle began to fear for her life.



The haunting howls of wolves made her turn around.



A wolf leaped at Phillippe, and Belle was thrown.





The Beast had come to Belle's rescue, but in his fierce fight with the wolves, he had been injured. As he lay in the snow, Belle approached and knelt down by his side.

"Are you hurt badly?" she asked.

The Beast wouldn't answer.



When they got back to the castle, Belle told the Beast to sit down in front of the fire. But when she began to wash his wound, he pulled back with a loud roar.



"If you'd hold still, it wouldn't hurt," Belle pointed out.

"If you hadn't run away, I wouldn't be hurt," he snarled.

"If you hadn't frightened me, I wouldn't have run away!"

They looked at each other. Then Belle approached again.

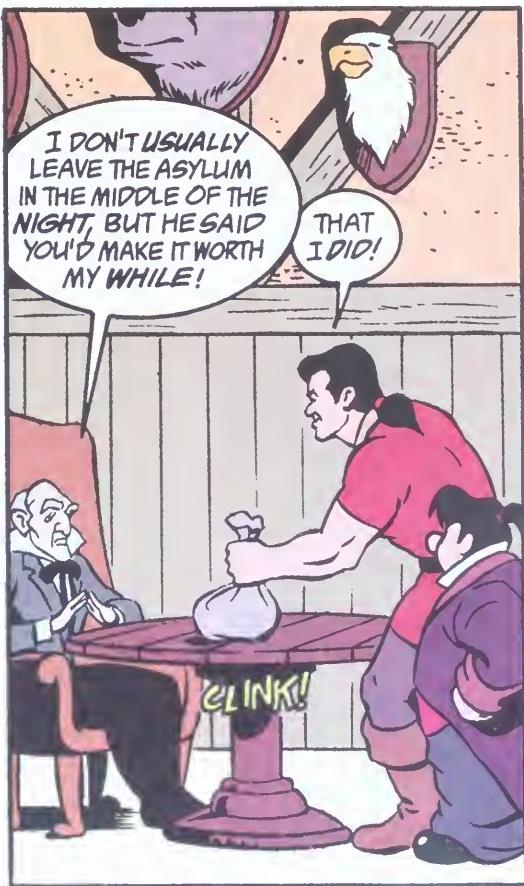


LATE THAT NIGHT, IN THE VILLAGE TAVERN...

THANK YOU
FOR COMING ON
SUCH SHORT
NOTICE, MONSIEUR
D'ARQUE!

I DON'T USUALLY
LEAVE THE ASYLUM
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
NIGHT, BUT HE SAID
YOU'D MAKE IT WORTH
MY WHILE!

THAT
I DID!



Gaston told a strange story. "There's a girl named Belle," he began. "I want to marry her, but she won't have me. Her father is a crazy old coot. He was in here tonight raving about a beast in a castle. If you would threaten to put him in your asylum unless she marries me, she would have to agree."

Monsieur D'Arque grinned evilly.





"I don't care what it takes," Maurice vowed, "I'll get my daughter out of there!"

Again Belle's father set out through the grim forest, this time on foot.

Later that day, Gaston and Monsieur D'Arque came to Belle's cottage and pounded on the door. When no one answered, they let themselves inside.

Gaston stomped from room to room, even down to Maurice's workshop, but he found no one at home.

"Come, Monsieur Gaston," said D'Arque. "There is no one at home. We should come back later."



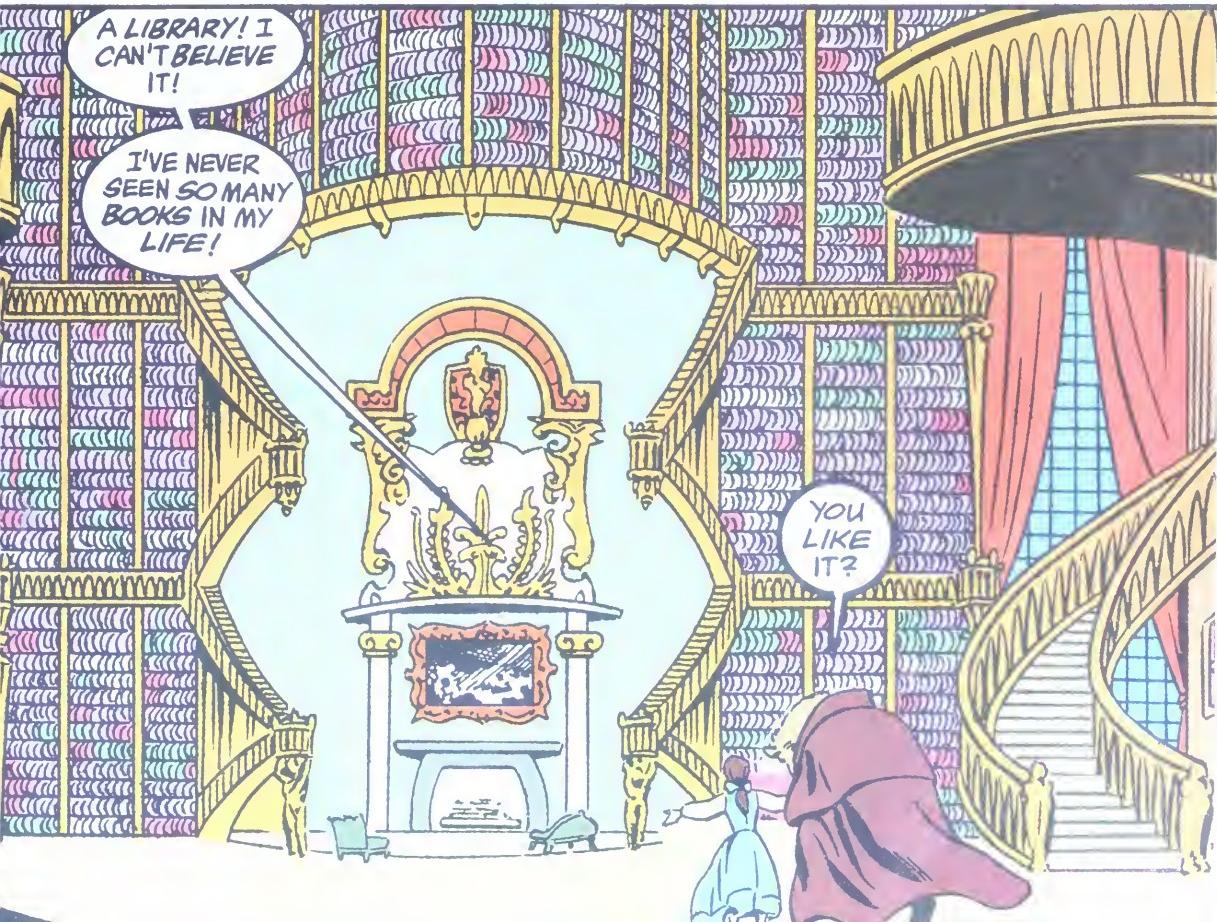


"Chocolates? Flowers?" Cogsworth suggested.

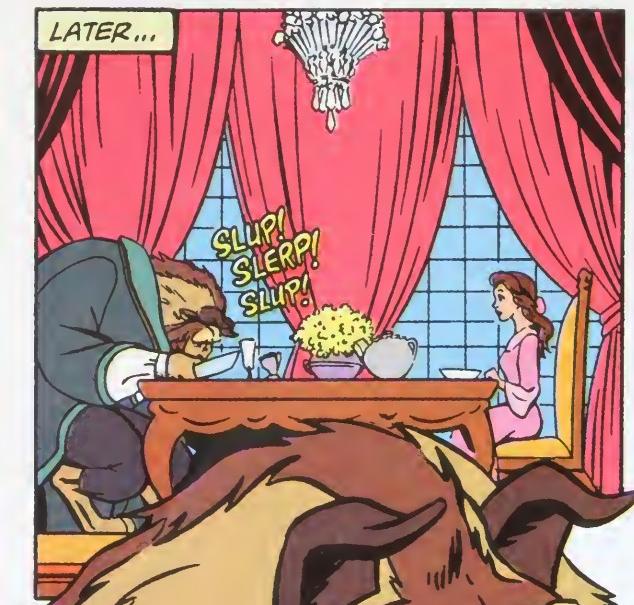
"No, no," said Lumiere. "She is no ordinary girl. It must be something special—something that interests her."

Lumiere

began to think. Then he looked up. "I have it!" he said. "I know just the thing to fascinate a girl like Belle, and it is in your power to give it to her, Master! Come. We must fetch her."



LATER...



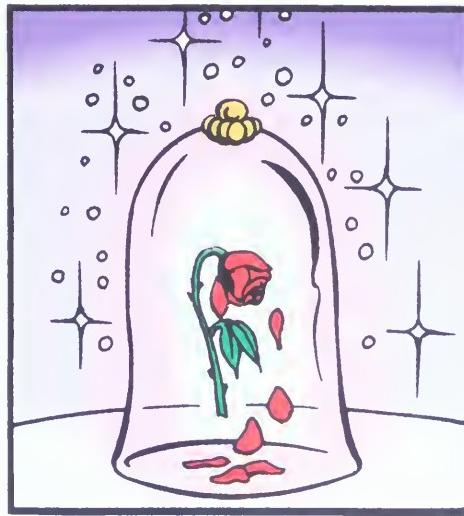
The magnificent gift had broken the ice. Little by little, Belle made the Beast wish to become more like a man.



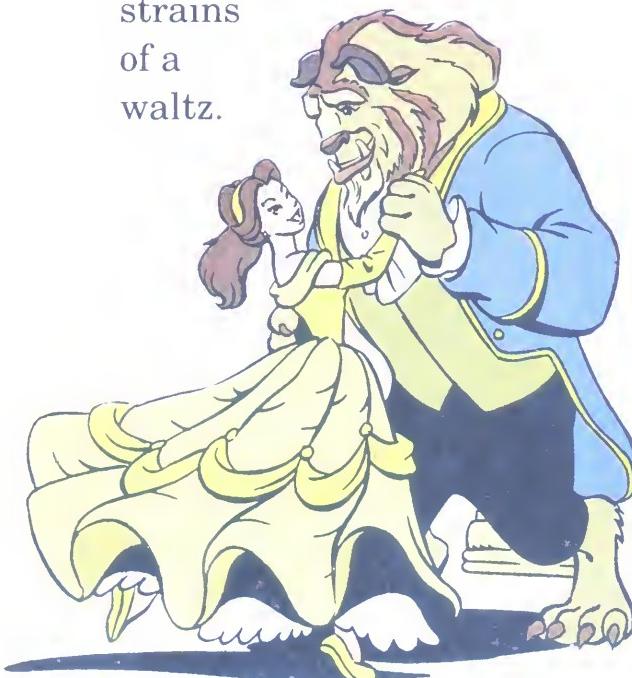
They took long walks together. She taught him how to get the birds to eat out of his hand, and how to play in the snow. She read him stories in front of the fire and showed him how important good manners are.

But time was growing short. The rose had begun to wither.

Lumiere prepared the



Beast for a romantic evening with Belle. He and all the enchanted objects hoped that the two would fall in love at last to the strains of a waltz.





The Beast could deny Belle nothing.
He took her hand and led her up the
stairs to the forbidden West Wing.

Belle noticed that the Beast's suite had
been renovated. No longer was it the lair
of a beast, but now it was the quarters of a
gentleman. She smiled.

Then the Beast picked up a mirror.



Belle took the mirror and slowly looked into its glass.



Maurice had again lost his way. When he could go no farther, he slumped to the ground. Lying on the cold, wet forest floor soon made him ill.

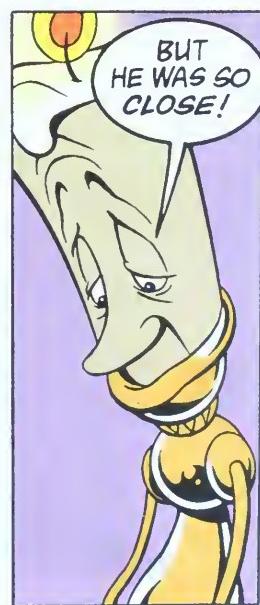
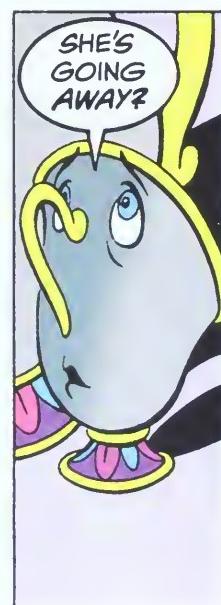
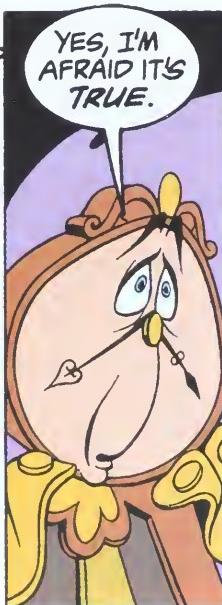
Belle appealed to the Beast.
“He may be dying!” she pleaded.
“Go to him,” said the Beast.
“You mean I am free?”
“Yes,” replied the Beast.



"Why did you let her leave?" Cogsworth cried.
"She was our only hope!"



Dejected, the butler went downstairs to tell the others what the Beast had done.



Grabbing her cloak,
Belle leaped up on
Phillipe and sent him
galloping into the woods.



Searching frantically along the paths of the forest, Belle finally found her father. She helped him up onto Phillipe and they started for home.



"How did you escape?"
Maurice asked.

"I didn't escape, Papa,"
Belle replied. "He let me go."

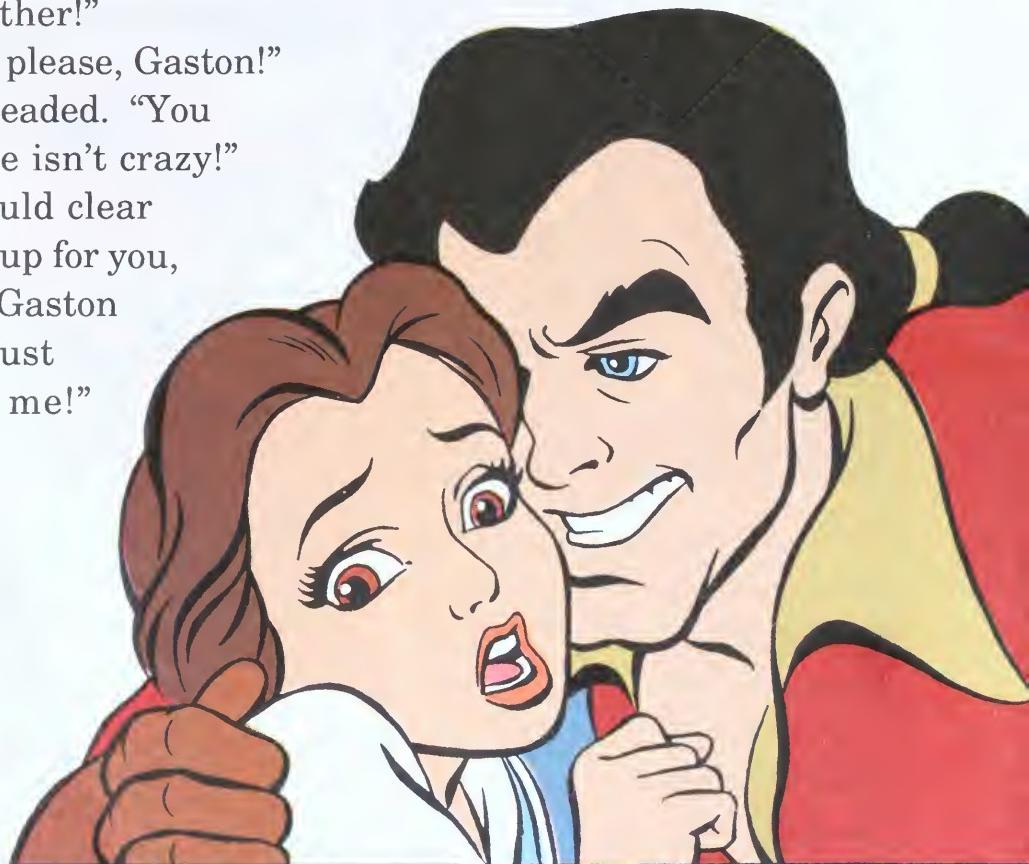
Suddenly Chip tumbled out
of Belle's saddle bag, just as
someone pounded on the door.



"Poor Belle," said Gaston, sneering. "It's a shame about your father!"

"Oh, please, Gaston!"
Belle pleaded. "You
know he isn't crazy!"

"I could clear
this all up for you,
Belle," Gaston
said. "Just
marry me!"



"Never!" cried Belle.
Quickly she got the Beast's
mirror and showed the
people the truth.

"But he's dangerous!"
cried someone in the crowd.



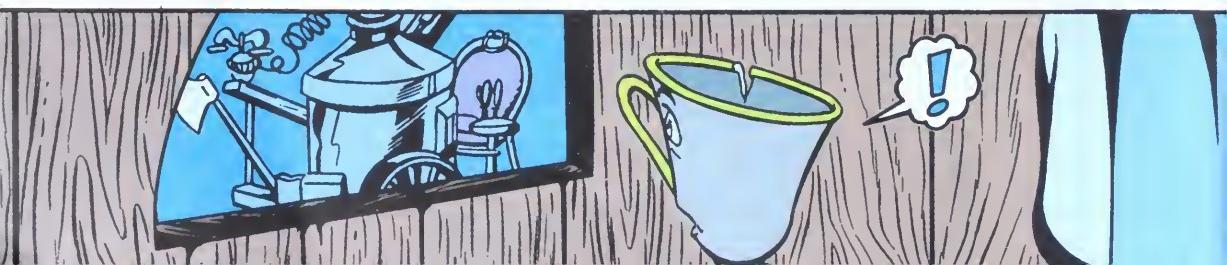


With the help of the townspeople, Gaston locked Belle and Maurice in the inventor's basement workshop.

As she heard the mob rush away, Belle was frantic.



Chip was worried, too. How could they escape? Then he spied Maurice's wood chopping invention.



As Chip set about rescuing Belle and Maurice, Gaston and the townspeople were marching up to the Beast's castle.

The enchanted objects saw the angry mob approach, and they began to fear for their lives.

"They have the mirror!" Mrs. Potts gasped.

"We must warn the Master!" cried Cogsworth.

Outside the castle, cries of "Kill the Beast!" filled the air. When the mob reached the castle door, Gaston had them use a battering ram to knock it down. "Take whatever you can," he cried. "But the Beast is mine!"





Without his beloved Belle, life no longer had meaning for the Beast. But his servants were willing to fight for him.

Even as the enchanted objects prepared to repel the invaders, Chip had finally succeeded in breaking Belle and Maurice out of the cellar where Gaston had locked them.



AND UPSTAIRS, IN THE WEST WING...



While the enchanted objects were battling his followers, Gaston hurried to the West Wing. He took the Beast by surprise, shot him in the back, and heaved him through a window onto a balcony.

The Beast was about to give up, but Belle suddenly appeared below. The Beast had turned on Gaston and would have killed him, but he suddenly couldn't bring himself to act so beast-like.



Leaping from Phillip's back, Belle rushed into the castle and up to the West Wing, only to see Gaston sneak up and plunge a dagger into the Beast's back. In pain, the Beast lashed out.



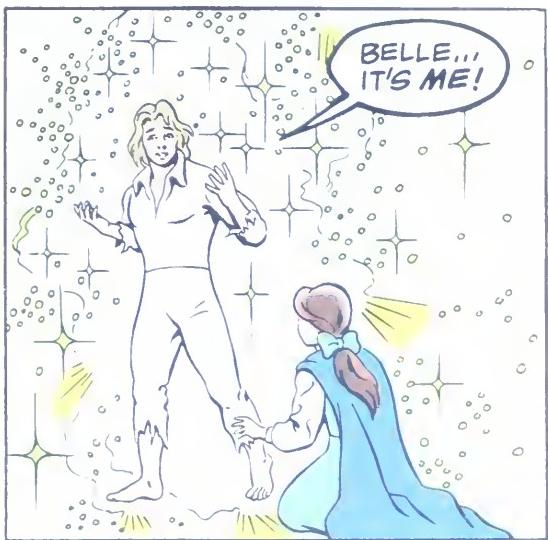
Mortally wounded, the Beast collapsed on the stone balcony. Horrified, Belle knelt at his side and took his great, shaggy head in her hands.



The Beast seemed to be slipping away before her eyes. Belle couldn't believe that she had found him again, only to have him taken from her by death.

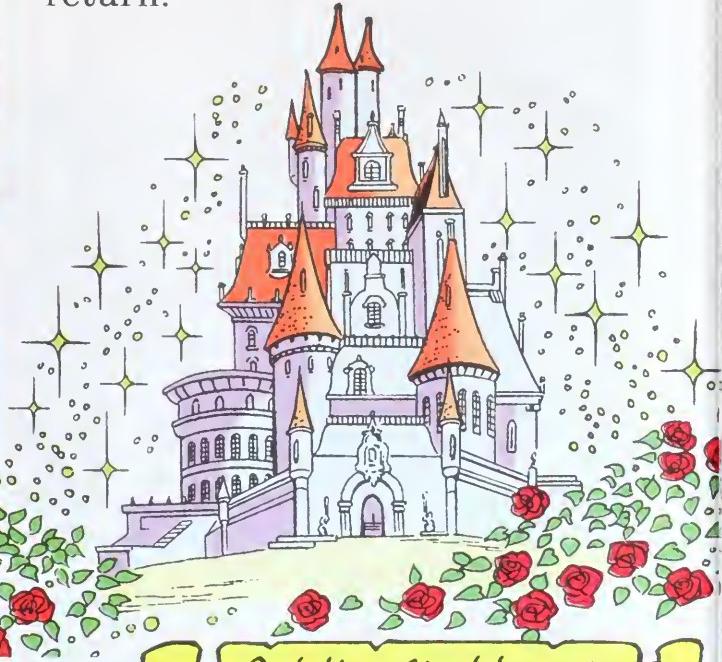


Suddenly the air was filled with the glow of a magical, sparkling light.

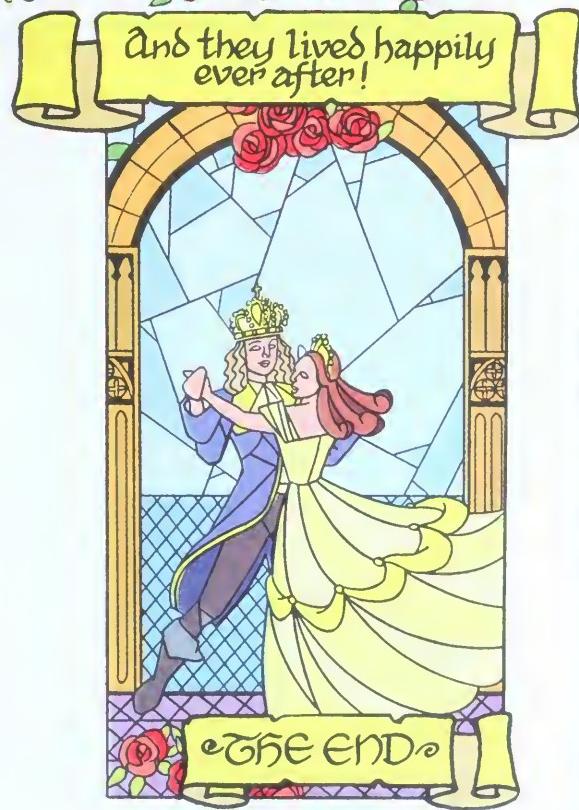




At last, the spell cast long ago had been broken. The Beast had finally learned to love, and had found a woman who would love him in return.



The gloomy castle turned back into the shining palace it had been, and as Belle and her prince gazed fondly into one another's eyes, Mrs. Potts, Cogsworth, Lumiere, and the others began to make preparations for a royal wedding.



The image shows a dark blue background with a repeating pattern of white speech bubbles. Each bubble contains the word "Disney" in its signature blue font, followed by the words "Junior Graphic Novel" in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. The bubbles are arranged in a staggered grid across the entire page.